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BROOKLYN HORROR.

The LYMAN S. WEEKS murder case, which two years ago horrified New York, has found its bloody parallel.

A terrible murder was done by three burglars in Brooklyn in the gray hours of this morning—a murder bloody and brutal to the last degree, the circumstances of which must fearfully impress every law-abiding citizen with a sense of insecurity and danger.

In his own store, in the most populous portion of Brooklyn, CHRISTIAN W. LUCA was butchered in the presence of his wife, by men whom he did not know, and while in defense of his own property. Full as it is of horrors, the case is full of lessons.

The frightful certainty and swiftness with which crime launches its votary on from step to step, even to the agony of blood-guiltiness, the ghastly, haunting consciousness of having taken human life and the final ordeal of facing the gibbet—all this is marked down as plain as day in the story of this deed, in the ages of the murderers, the mission which led them to the scene of their awful act and the retribution which claimed them ere yet the blood of the murdered man was dry upon them.

Then comes the question: Does the death punishment, with all its horrors, deter men from murder? That is the chief advantage claimed for it over life imprisonment. Tomorrow four men are to be hanged in the Tombs, and nine-tenths of the people in New York have the fact in mind. There stand the black, ominous gibbets, there swing the ropes, and Eternity yawns for the victims.

Yet within twenty-four hours of the execution of that solemn and awful sentence comes the news of this revolting slaughter. It will do to ponder on.

The police of Brooklyn and New York in this instance have acted with excellent judgment, with marked celerity and fortunately with success. They deserve full credit.

GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

Just because she is a girl the little dimpled darling that was born to J. HOOKER HANSELEY must needs say good-by, the instant she opens her tiny eyes to all the big millions of which the American Duchess of MARLBOROUGH is now spending the income.

Of course it was a provision of the will, but then the absurdity of it! A boy, by rights, is a good, hard-headed fellow, built to buffet with the world and knock his millions out of it.

To avert good luck from your little kinswoman, just because she happens to be a girl and the same must end with her, may be the feudal, romantic, English-society novel way of doing it, but it isn't real, genuine chivalry.

Why not give the girls the inherited millions and let the boys go hardscrabble for their fortunes. It will make better men of their ninety-nine times in a hundred.

IT IS HIGH TIME.

Good! Somebody has at last the pluck to come down hard on the gambling helms with which Saratoga is polluted.

Keep it up, now. Purging is what more than one of the swell resorts needs. If Mott street Chinamen break the law in running rooms for fan-tan, then the diamond-studded gent who keeps club-houses where men of fashion stake fortunes on the red and black are equally culpable—yes, more so.

Fair play, now. "The Judge is condemned when the guilty goes free."

JOHNSTOWN IS A WARNING.

There threatens to be terrible suffering among flood-imperished dwellers in the West Virginia valleys, unless relief is afforded soon. Many families in the track of the recent cloudburst there are huddled together in wretched huts, half fed and poorly clad.

There is sympathy enough in this broad country. There are willing hearts and hands and open pocketbooks, but the fashion in which the Johnstown relief fund has been fast with red tape and kept from accomplishing the thing whereto it was sent is discouraging to persons who are able to give the sufferers elsewhere aid.

A RACE AND NO MISTAKE.

By this time the five ocean liners which sailed down past Liberty yesterday all in racing trim are well out in salt water, puffing and ploughing towards Queenstown.

It will be a great struggle, but with the City of New York and fleet Teutonic in the party the Saale and City of Rome are apt to have simply a pleasant tussle for third place. This ocean steamship rivalry furnishes about the fairest racing of this degenerate age.

How long before the gamblers will turn it to account?

JANK-HOZ is sick, and his manager is disgraced. They hired the Union Square Theatre for all of last week at a rental of \$2,800. Receipts Tuesday night, \$68. With that symptom in view, the diagnosis of JANK-HOZ's ailment is easy.

JANK, it's too bad. You struck Gotham at a tough season. Almost nothing goes now, save beer, russet leather shoes and comic opera.

Note of the Week.

Interested D.—Please send articles mentioned to Dr. W. L. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, New York.

TO SELECT A SITE. BABIES' FRIENDS.

The Committee Will Meet and Organize To-Day.

Correspondents Hasten to Get in Their Suggestions.

Central Park Both Approved and Condemned for the World's Fair.

The question of site seems to be the absorbing theme with Mayor Grant's correspondents this morning.

They knew that the Committee on Site and Buildings was to meet and organize in the Governor's Room in the City Hall at 3 o'clock p. m., and all who had not already suggested a place for the location of the World's Fair of 1892 hurried to come for their neglect.

G. B. Lawton, of East Orange, N. J., sent a printed circular, in which he argues that Central Park should be chosen.

Opposed to Mr. Lawton is "A Citizen," who urges the Mayor to use his influence to prevent the location of the Exhibition in the Park.

Secretary Arthur Hollick, of the Torrey Botanical Club, writes that a site should be selected with a view to the establishment of a botanical garden.

This subject was agitated last Winter, and Van Courlandt Park was considered as the most available spot for the proposed garden.

The Club now desires that the garden be established as a permanent memorial of the occasion, and offers to co-operate with the Exposition management in any way to secure this end.

J. W. Ryckman, President and General Manager of the International Maritime Exhibition, Boston, offers his services as an organizer of departments and general promoter of exhibits.

WHO HAS SIXTEEN?

"The Evening World" Maternity Prize Awaiting the Big Families.

The largest families of living children in the metropolis and vicinity thus far brought to the attention of THE EVENING WORLD contain only fifteen living children. Cannot this record be surpassed? Where are the really big families?

Following are the conditions of the competition: One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living children.

A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a consolation prize to the proud mother of the third largest brood of children.

These prizes are to the mothers. The competition is to be covered by the following conditions:

Every mother entering has to offer up a list in the metropolitan area consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken.

Only living children will be counted. The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and age of the father or fathers of her children; and her nationality; the full name of each child, the date of its birth and present residence. Contestants must write upon one side of the paper only.

Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, like the minister or priest, the family physician or the Attorney at the yard, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true.

STABBED AT SNUG HARBOR.

BLOODY END OF A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO OLD SALTS.

John Webb, a keeper at Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, was stabbed by James Windsor, also an inmate of the institution, last night. The two were enemies.

Webb was sitting on the watch house when Windsor suddenly appeared and plunged a sheath-knife into Webb's abdomen, after which he threw the knife on the ground and fled. Webb's wound is not a fatal nature unless inflammation sets in.

Windsor secreted himself, but was captured at a late hour, and held to await the result of Webb's wound.

LEAPED FROM HARLEM BRIDGE.

A Would-Be Suicide Picked Up in the River Only Slightly Hurt.

A young man was seen to leap from Harlem Bridge into the river at 5.30 this morning.

He was rescued from the water by Officer Munson, of the Thirty-third Precinct, and taken to Harlem.

It was there found that he was James O'Dryle, twenty-nine years of age, of 222 East Ninety-ninth street.

He soon recovered and was taken to the Harlem Police Court, where Justice Tattler held him for trial on a charge of attempted suicide. He said he was tired of life.

BASEBALL STANDING THIS MORNING.

Table with columns for League, Team, Wins, Losses, Games, etc.

They are Utilizing in Their Help Among the Poor.

Money, Clothing and Food Freely Distributed.

Neil Nelson's Good Work with One Hundred Dollars.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Table listing names and contribution amounts for the fund.

Two Little Workers.

Included friend find \$3.65, being our collection from friends and neighbors.

Inclosed find \$1.18, proceeds of an entertainment given by the children of 129 Henry street.

EMMA AND EDDIE VOGT. GRACE AND FRANK DELANEY. MAGGIE AND MARY MCCORT. GEORGIE AND CLARE FLYNN. ANNIE WEINER. MARY AND FLORENCE FLYNN. WALTER FLYNN, Manager.

From Connecticut Friends.

Please find inclosed \$10 for the Sick Babies' Fund, the proceeds of a fair given by three little girls.

RITA LORD. MAMIE WINCHESTER. LULU SPENCER. CLINTON, CONN.

Six Young Ladies Give a Fair.

Please find inclosed \$14.60 for the Sick Babies' Fund, the proceeds of a fair given by six young ladies on the corner of Claremont and Jackson avenues, wishing you great success in your noble work.

LENA AND LOUISA YARBER. CLARA AND JULIA AMM. ANNA AND LILLIE TATTEL.

Baby Jack's Remarks.

Desiring to help the sick babies I hope the inclosed will do some good. I am a baby, two years old. Just now I am in the country with mamma.

This morning we took a ride and I drove all the way. My home is at Port Richmond, S. I. I am the biggest person in our family because I am the only baby.

Yours truly, BABY JACK SCOTT.

From an Insurance Office.

Inclosed find \$3 for the Sick Babies' Fund, the result of a collection in one of the downtown insurance offices.

J. L. P., 25 cents; T. H. B., 25; W. F., 50; F. G., 50; Cash, 50; A. Friend, 50; Sympathy, 50.

Zealous Little Aid.

Having heard my grandpas read of the good work going on through your great paper for the sick babies' benefit, I resolved upon doing my share.

Following is result of my (a little girl of twelve years) work: Gramma, 25; Mamma, 25; Ada, 10; Esther, 10; Maggie, 10; John, 10; Kate, 10; F. H. Miller, 10; M. Meisner, 10; E. McNeill, 10; M. N. N. N., 10; C. G. G. G., 10; E. H. H. H., 10; H. H. H. H., 10; K. K. K. K., 10; L. L. L. L., 10; M. M. M. M., 10; N. N. N. N., 10; O. O. O. O., 10; P. P. P. P., 10; Q. Q. Q. Q., 10; R. R. R. R., 10; S. S. S. S., 10; T. T. T. T., 10; U. U. U. U., 10; V. V. V. V., 10; W. W. W. W., 10; X. X. X. X., 10; Y. Y. Y. Y., 10; Z. Z. Z. Z., 10.

A FAIR IS IN PROGRESS.

The Youthful Promoters Will Realize a Sum for the Sick Babies.

A number of young girls, residing on East Fifty-seventh street, whose ages range from nine to twelve years, have combined their efforts to hold a fair, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund.

The fair is held at the residence of Mrs. Charles Schlecht, 446 East Fifty-seventh street, and was begun on Tuesday, the receipts for which day amounted to \$11.

The fair will be continued during the rest of the week, and as the young misses are uniting in their efforts the success of the scheme is already assured.

But a small entrance fee is charged, the youthful merchants relying on the tempting display of their wares to call forth the pennies from their generous customers.

ALL WITH ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

An Incalculable Lot of Good Done with "Wall Street's" Gift.

Here we go, dear old "Wall Street," with what I consider by no means small.

I have exchanged your \$100 check for fifty one dollar bills, fifty half-dollar pieces and 100 quarters, and the load of coin fills my reticule to bursting. I have Dr. Sumner Mason for an escort, Lawyer Chauncey B. Ripley's brougham and bays for a chariot, which the Elliott Floral Company has filled with gorgeous gladioli and dahlias.

A basket of wane an' bread from a lady in One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, a small cart of potted meats, jellies, condensed milk, infants' food, sweet biscuits, toilet soap and a tray of baby boots and at 9.30 o'clock we start off to show "just what good can come of that much money."

and to this "Wall Street" can have personal access.

After six hours' run in East Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets and West Fifth, Fifty-third and Forty-third streets, we haven't a penny, a flower, a prescription, blank nor an excursion-ticket left, and more than fifty-two orders have issued to needy babies for the clothes contributed by the married men of Catin & Co., who, with the "Jenny Wren" of Larchmont are making.

We visit twenty-one homes, relieve with medicine, groceries, clothing, galls and small sums of money six families, and by a special system of matrons estimate that 120 women and children are benefited by the gift of "Wall Street" and the skill of Dr. Mason.

In and out of the towering tenements we run across unhappy children and ailing babies, among whom we distribute \$10 in change for milk, fruit, dinner, drugs, car fare, &c. Many of these children are bilious with liver and mosquito bites, to relieve which thirty odd dimes are invested in the syrups, ointments and medicated lozenges, prescribed by the doctor.

Occasionally a gauze veil or a netting is bought to throw over a fly-tormented child, lying in a baby wagon, and to fifteen scanty meals spread over that many kitchen tables we contribute a chop, a mackmelon or a course of sweet fruit and rolls. But \$10 goes a long way in kitchen courtesies of this sort.

In one of the flats of a big, gloomy tenement on East Fifth street lives a young mother and her five children, who seem to be running a sort of steppelclass with misfortune.

The baby boy, a beautiful creature, who has just succeeded in freeing himself from the combined attacks of bronchitis, measles and diarrhoea, is painfully ruptured; his elder brother, not yet ten years of age, is a helpless little cripple, and his sister, a shy, sweet girl of twelve, with yellow hair and violet eyes, is physically weak and mentally deranged.

The other two are perfect children. All are loving and lovable, and would be happy and light-hearted with a few more creature comforts and an occasional gift in the shape of wearing apparel.

Dr. Constable has been most generous in his attention to the little flock, but his fresh-fish ticket is still on the clock, considerably fly-specked, but still unused.

"No, I couldn't accept it. It only admits my baby, and I wouldn't leave the others."

She has been a resident of New York twenty-one years, and in all that time has never seen the ocean. Her little ones are pale; Tommy is very thin; neither of the girls have any color and there is no elasticity to the mother's step.

"How would you like to take a sail down the bay and spend the whole day on the beach?"

"Could all of us go?"

"All; every one."

"Oh, it would be heavenly!" the woman says, and the children begin to grow wild. Absent-minded Mary twines her arms about her mother's neck and gazes at me with her vacant, beautiful blue eyes.

Ann, the eldest girl, proceeds to scour Tommy's face, and that ordeal finished he gives little Dickie a tight hug that dislocates the centre of gravity, and they roll over together on the floor.

We figure on the fares, allowing \$1.60 via the Iron Steamboats, and spend a full quarter of an hour thinking out the luncheon.

"Tommy wants a lemon" with a jump of suggestion through the hole in the top. "May I buy him for cakes; brother Charles 'don't care for anything so long as he gets there," and Aunt Annie asks if I can get her a piece of meat to boil.

We buy the lemons and sugar; a tenderloin of beef to boil; a measure of sweet, juicy peaches; two quarts of milk to be boiled before bottling, fresh rolls, caraway cookies, and a new clean cup basket to put it in.

Three dollars pays the entire bill. But the mother hesitates, and by long and careful probing I get at the sad truth.

The children have not sufficient clothing, and in the admission can be read the surrender of hope.

Out comes the tablet and another calculation is made. For Mary must have a hat and a dress; Charles needs a pair of stockings and shoes must be bought for beautiful Dickie and his uncomplaining mother.

Annie shops with me in Third avenue, where a triumph in straw and ribbon, with the wing of a dove jauntily perched on one side, is bought for 50 cents. The little muslin dress only cost 75 cents, the stockings are a third cheaper and 85 shoes the baby and big brother and covers the tired soles of motherhood.

By the time this goes to print the little family will be in sight of Manhattan Beach, and I envy them the pleasure that awaits their coming.

In the same house, never mind what floor, is a laborer's family consisting of a wife and seven small children, where peace and love reign but plenty never.

The father has been out of employment because out of health, nearly all Summer, and their obligations to the grocer and butcher and land agent have destroyed the mother's peace of mind.

However glorious the position, the profits of motherhood, viewed from a mercantile standpoint, are vague and uncertain.

This particular mother, whose head has been touched by the storms of weather and misfortune, and whose face is crossed and re-crossed by the wrinkles of care, has an income from her toil, too precarious to keep her in pins. The dress she wears is fresh and clean and tidy, but every figure has succumbed to repeated washing, dampening and ironing, till the color of frock and lace are one and the same.

I offer to find her some shoes and clothes, but she perjures herself for her children, and there is so much heroism in the falsehood that we agree to "dress up" the first child that comes in.

There are seven in all, and you can guess their condition when the mother herself doesn't know which is most needy.

Three o' the brood have gone to Battery Park to spend the day, taking the sick baby with them, and while the doctor is taking her symptoms in bounds Tommy, the very photograph of Barefoot Tom, only a shadow of the rustic boy physically.

His jacket, waist and shirt all in one, consists of the trunk of a man's under-shirt, from which the arms have been amputated.

A widowed suspender, and a mischievous cap that has been through fire and water and served as bird cage, rat trap and pistol target, completes his attire.

Dr. Mason sends Tom into the carriage, and while he goes to see a convalescing child in Seventeenth street we drive to a clothing store in Second avenue and order a full dress suit.

Tom thinks he would like blue; the tailor prefers an English check, but as Tom is going to wear the raincoat, his opinion prevails, and the nobiliest blue flannel suit in stock is fitted to his fragile little figure.

The jacket is a jaunty English blouse, with pants, jacket and belt, and when it is buttoned all needs of a shirt are under cover.

But the little knee-breeches won't stay up and there is nothing to do but take them in hand and walk down street to a dry-goods shop, where we try a shirt-waist overgrown with horsehoes of magnificent design and color, and a caprioting blue hat warranted to turn up and down at the will of the man under it.

Less than \$7 pays the bill and Tom is a new boy, bright as a sun dial, straight as a plumb and delightfully enterprising.

On the way home he takes shy admiring peeps at himself in the carriage mirror, and tells me between the glances all about his innocent escapades. One of his incisors is missing and I inquire about it.

"Oh! Kelly did that wid his fist. We was playin' ball in the yard and I was batter, and I bit him in the stomach. I didn't mean to, but he punched me in the mouth and I eat my tooth. He's moved away now."

By this time we are back again in East Fifteenth street, and a drove of children receive us with clamor and shout, and the most deafening "Please, massa, take and dress me."

I wish I could, for in all the two hundred and seventy, by Dr. Mason's register, there is not one child who knows the luxury of nice clothes every day.

The next family that good "Mr. Wall Street" puts under obligation includes a sick man, an angel mother and a group of eight children, ranging in years from one to fifteen. The babe has cholera morbus, the nine-year-old boy is subject to St. Vitus's dance and his eldest sister has heart trouble.

The doctor takes a basket, and with \$3 fills it to the handle. There is bluefish and fresh eggs, flour, tea, coffee, butter, sugar and rice, a five-pound package of hominy, the same quantity of macaroni and a peck of tomatoes to be used for a delicious and really nourishing spaghetti, for the preparation of which the doctor writes out the recipe a'Italian.

There is a neck of mutton, too, for a broth to feed the baby, some Graham crackers, two sardines and eight bright green tickets, good for just that many quarts of sweet milk, and on top of everything is a compound of rubarb and soda, or some such elements, to cure the liver.

With another \$3 we complete the rent money, and the happiness that fills the little kitchen is worth treble the sum invested.

On the way downstairs a young boy slips up to the doctor, and with his soul in his big brown eyes and the Desdemona-under-the-pillow-sadness in his voice, begs for a nickel.

"Some papers," Poor Tom has been sick with the fever and he's pale and thin and ragged. His father has gone to the eternal realms and his mother earns \$6.75 in a book binding, pasting books, with which she fights the wolf, not only at her door, but clutching at her children's throats.

We give Joe 50 cents for a start, 30 cents to pay for a tonic to tone up his system and 25 cents for a dinner. In his simple "thank you" there is a world of gratitude.

The next roof tree about which the bounty of "Wall Street" showers its gladness is up in 511 East Fifteenth street, where a young mother is slowly broiling herself and her children before a red-hot cooking-stove.

She is situated in a muslin waist and a red talk-cloth muffled about and around her waist and limbs. Fortune married her to a widower, and there is a babe of two months, another of eleven months and run-abouts of two, four, five and a half and seven years.

The doctor prescribes a sail via the New York Juvenile Guardian boat. One dollar buys a lunch-basket with goodies and another dollar pays for four straw hats and a pair of brown stockings.

Black-eyed May is only fifteen, but she has been a bread-winner ever since she was eleven. She is a good child, brave as the girl that civilized Ingomar, and beautiful as a Roman cameo. May has been making spaghetti-pins, but there is no work now, and how do you suppose she is spending her vacation?

Washing for a family of eight. It's a pretty big burden to put upon so slight a pair of shoulders, and the disciples of Col. Ingersoll, who believe that the obligations of parent to child are beyond cancellation, would consider the task crucial.

May wants a place. "Can't you help me? Please do. I am so tired walking from one shop to another, and I have no car fare. I gave all my money to my mother for the rent."

A dollar bill makes her eyes dance and her face bright, and it with the car fares it will provide a place is not secured. May is to send me a letter and we will try some other scheme to entrap capital.

At another house on East Fifteenth street we visit a young pastidious finisher who has been laid off for the dull season. The mother and babies have gone on the excursion and Mary is on her knees scrubbing the floor. It takes her a long time to get up, for she is a cripple and sorely stronger than a healthy child of eight, half her age.

"Yes," she tells the doctor, "baby is well. 'I? Oh, I am well. I've been sewing. Dr. Constable sent me a piece of calico and I'm making me a new dress. See, isn't it pretty? I always liked blue and this is the first dress I have had in a year."

With a playful reference to her feet we learn that she has on her best shoes—the very worst you can imagine.

"But I wouldn't mind them if I had rubbers. I am always getting caught in the rain because I can't walk out, and when my feet get wet I have rheumatism."

"Have you a gossamer?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. Good-by, little girl. I hope that dress will be a pretty fit."

But we do mind, and on the way home make two stops and send to the little patient a pair of button boots, a pair of rubbers and a long gossamer, hooded, and as impervious to water as the overcoat of a webfoot.

Two doors further up we find a poor little

home where many less unfortunate than its inmates might learn a lesson in healthy cheerfulness and contentment. The father, a young man scarcely thirty-five, in the very glory of his manhood, is blind.

All day long he sits at the open window in the little kitchen, his blue eyes dark and fatigued, gazing into vacancy but always with a child in his lap.

Today the little one has her head on his breast, a flannel bandage is wound about her throat, and as she sleeps the father sings in a soft, sweet voice, "There is a green hill far away."

The quick ear catches our step, and when the sad music is hushed we find chairs among the little ones and learn their needs.

"Twelve, nine, eight, six, four and three represent their ages; all boys but the third. The mother takes in washing, and on her income the family manages to exist.

"In the Winter we live comfortably," she says, "but since May I have had little work and now I can't get nothing to do."

"What do I need most? I can hardly tell. The children as you see, are barefoot and they have no other clothes."

Nor has she, but her own comforts are forgotten. When we ask the quiet, patient man what we can do for him he says: "Thank you nothing. Don't mind me."

"But what would you like to eat?"